

POCAHONTAS.

[FOR THE NEWS.]

Wert thou a myth?
Oh! answer for her
Spirit that once bore
The glorious name of Smith.

Or if old John is dumb
We'll call on thee,
Thou maiden fair,
From summer-land to come.

Hast thou a voice?
Thou tell us is the burlesque
Founded on thy name
Merely a choice

Bit of prevarication
Gotten up to slay people
With bad puns
Throughout the nation?

Is thy picture on Havana
Cigar boxes, also a fraud
As are the cigars?
Is this what affects Hannah?

Are the upraised hatchets
And thy fierce father, Powhatan,
Merely other brands
To match it?

How did the schoolboy gloat
On sundry pictures
Of thy shapely form in the histories,
While in his mind did float

Sweet visions of the ballet,
Where thou wert half-clothed,
Without much shoes or stockings,
Till his old aunt, Sally,

Told him he would catch it
If he didn't turn a few pages
And study something about
George Washington and his little hatchet)

Oh, Pokey! Pokey!
In the language
Of the hea hen Chinese,
Must we "soakes"

Our heads in cold water
And disbelieve in thee,
Utterly and absolutely?
Had we oughter?

No, we'll still cherish
Thy image and engrave it
Upon cigarette plaques
Which perish.

So Pokey! we'll not bar
Thee from our memory,
Thee from our memory,
But will give thee for the present
A simple "Au revoir!"

—Charles M. Thompson.